IronWatch

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ABYSSAL TIDINGS

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Welcome back to another great issue of IRONWATCH magazine! Hope you're managing to beat the summer heat, and flex your new Warpath armies and Edge of the Abyss armies as well as those campaigns and products get underway.

First, an important note: Due to the slower pace of entries we've been getting, IRONWATCH will be moving to a once-every-other-month publication starting with issue 61 in October. We're hoping that by slowing down the speed of publication, we can both give you larger and more robust individual issues with 100+ pages without breaking a sweat; after all, not being bound by physically publishing means we can push our content to be much longer than a typical printed glossy!

Secondly, this schedule will allow us to focus more on the Ironwatch Games publications we're working to put out, as well as other publications like the Ironwatch Tales series and a variety of awesome content additions for your favorite Mantic games.

However, this doesn't mean we want the submissions to slow down: quite the opposite in fact! Please continue to send us your awesome material, and we'll continue to make sure it has a home here in the IRONWATCH's pages. Just send them to us at our email, and we'll be sure they are seen by our readers across the globe!

Lastly, thank you again for reading, and please feel free to give us feedback on the large changes we have planned; we hope it will help IRONWATCH's success for years to come. Thanks for reading, and whether you're an old veteran or a new recruit, Welcome to the Watch!

--Austin Peasley

Cover art by Boris Samec
Title art by Mark Peasley

Contact us and submit articles at:
ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com

If you find any errors, grammar mistakes, or rule imbalances, please contact us on the Mantic Forums (Look for the discussion labeled "Ironwatch Issue X Feedback") and let us know what we could do to improve your fan-produced magazine. If you are interested in writing, illustrating, or editing for our magazine, please let us know on the feedback discussion as well so you can get in on the action!

All models used in this publication are from the respective author's own personal collections, and any models displayed herein are not intended to challenge the status of the copyrights of their respective owners.

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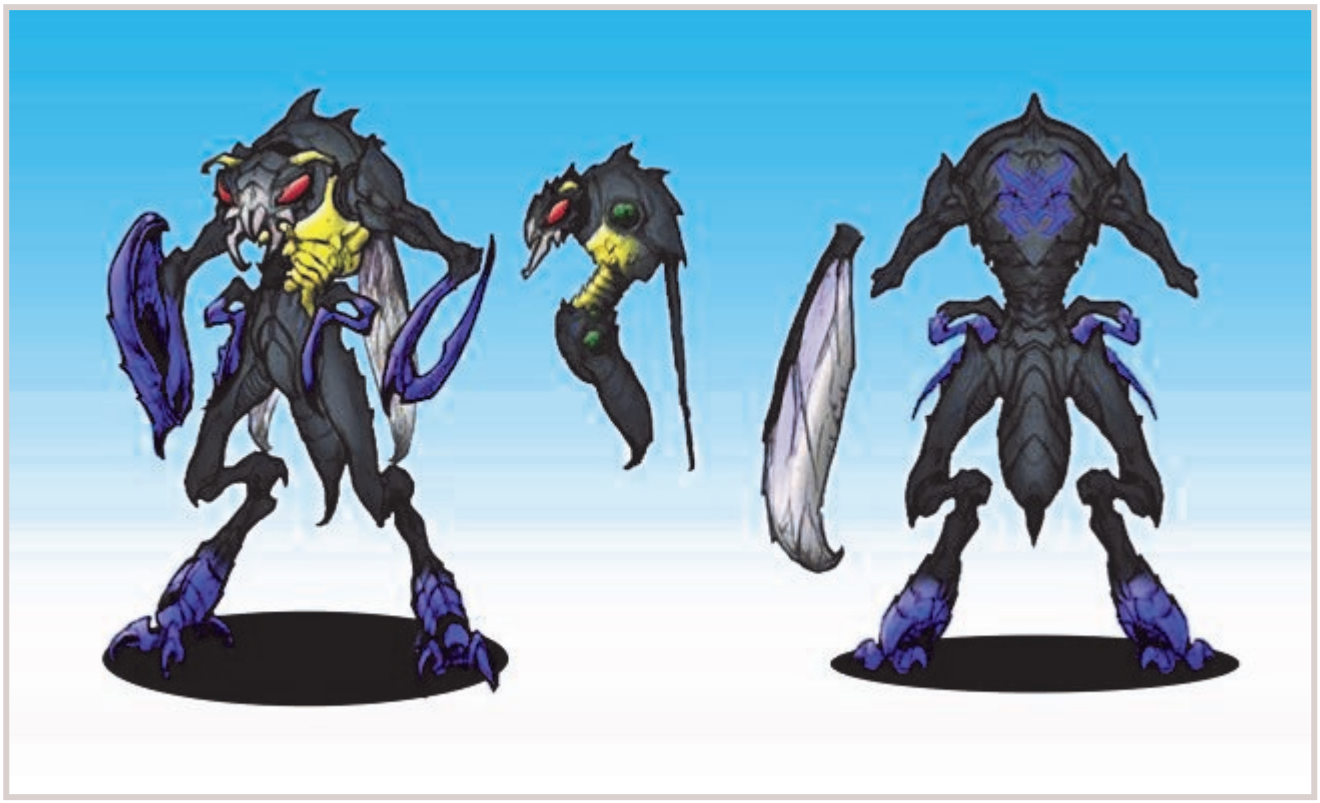


Art by Geoff Burbidge

MANTIC CALENDAR

If you have Mantic-related events or tournaments you'd like to add, please PM Matt Gilbert or Austin Peasley on the forums or **email us** with your event's date, time, location, cost, a brief description, and a URL for more information.

Please note that this list is not exhaustive and indicates where Mantic games are being enjoyed, not necessarily where Mantic will be making an official appearance (Save for the Mantic HQ, of course).

July

7/9 **Barrage**

From 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM
£3 entry fee (Kids under 16 free)
2017 will be the 5th year for Barrage Wargames show. We hope to bring you a bigger and better show with a great mix of games, traders and competitions.
Blessed William Howard High School, Rowley Avenue, Stafford, Staffordshire, ST17 9AB, UK

7/22 **Deadzone Overkill 2017**

From 9:30 AM to 5:30 PM
£20 ticket cost
This tournament features five exciting games of Deadzone played through the day.
Mantic Games, 193 Hempshill Lane, Bulwell, Nottingham, NG6 8PF, UK

August

8/17 **GenCon 2017**

From 8:00 AM on 8/17 to 8:00 PM on 8/20PM

Badge prices start at $45, or $2 for individual event tickets

Gen Con is the original, longest-running gaming convention in the world! Featuring 500+ exhibiting companies from the game industry, award-winning authors and artists, costumed attendees, more than 16,000 events, a Family Fun Pavilion, and the debut of exciting new games.

Indiana Convention Center, 100 S. Capitol Ave., Indianapolis, IN 46225

September

9/3 **Hereward Wargames Show**

From 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM

£3 entry for advanced admission, otherwise tickets are £5

Featuring a variety of games and traders, this show has a bit of everything, for everyone!

The Cresset, Bretton Centre, Peterborough, PE3 8DX

Looking for an event, but don't see it listed? We rely on the Mantic Calendar for events, so please either coordinate your event there or let us know directly if you have an event you'd like to have featured on the monthly Calendar!

Dwarven Brock Riders by Jose Manuel Chasco Gonzalez

Undead Zombies by Matt Gilbert

THE IRON FORGE

Welcome back to the Iron Forge.

On display this month for you we have just Marcel Popik, but he's showing off his outstanding showcase of Deadzone Enforcer units as well as some simply stunning paintjobs on his Walking Dead: All-Out War survivor warband.

Stay tuned in next month for more fantastic models, and if you have some painted Mantic minis you'd like featured to possibly become an Iron Forge artist, please email high resolution photos of your miniatures to **ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com**.

Please include your name and/or Mantic forum name. You can also provide descriptions of your paint jobs and titles if you'd like!

MARCEL POPIK

DEADZONE - PEACEKEEPERSSE
(COMMAND, DOMINATOR RIFLES,DEFENDER SHIELD, INCINERATOR)

MARCEL POPIK

DEADZONE - PEACEKEEPER CAPTAIN LTD. RELEASE

MARCEL POPIK

DEADZONE - PEACEKEEPERSSE
(COMMAND, DOMINATOR RIFLES,DEFENDER SHIELD, INCINERATOR)

MARCEL POPIK

DEADZONE - ENFORCERS
(CAPTAIN, GUARDIANS 2X, FUSION WEAPON, BURST LASER)

MARCEL POPIK

WALKING DEAD - ALL OUT WAR
(DEREK, SANDRA, PATRICK, LIAM)

MARCEL POPIK

QUARANTINE

We're proud to announce the second Ironwatch Game: Quarantine!

Set on the fringes of civilized space, Deadzone and Warpath are games of futuristic battles fought among the ruins of human colonies against a variety of alien threats. Quarantine represents the actions of the spaceships orbiting above the shrouded worlds.

Quarantine is played with model ships on a battlefield that is represented by a gaming mat. As a player you will take command of a squadron of vessels manned by the elite of human and alien spacefarers. Each turn you decide which of your models to move and what they will do, advancing through space and shooting at your enemies.

This is game is based off of Deadzone, and focuses on the Containment Protocol operations in space. It is designed as a set of simple to play space combat rules based around the Mantic system and should therefore be easy for Deadzone players to learn and add seamlessly into their games. The original concept was to add an insertion scenario at the start of a Warpath or Deadzone campaign and end it with a daring escape from the planet, whether the team plays heroic Rebs, steely-eyed Marauders, profit hungry Forge Fathers or even the malevolent Plague leaders intent on spreading the Contagion beyond the worlds they had already infected. Naturally the Enforcers will try to protect the rest of mankind from the risk of the Plague, even if they have to kill a significant number of people to do so.

What we're posting now is the basic rules; Behind the scenes, we're working on a "deluxe"/full version complete with stories from Ironwatch issues, pictures, and art from artist Boris Samec. The deluxe version will also be available for free, and we'll be putting up the deluxe version for printing off of Lulu at-cost if you would like a hard copy as well.

Can you man the helm and survive the enemies you'll face in the unfeeling void?

Come get the Basic Rules for Quarantine here!

Elves standing their ground against the Undead in the Star-Struck City by Austin Peasley

THE ORDER OF MAURICE

EPISODE 11: THE PRICE OF REDEMPTION

By Ben Stoddard

The rain had stopped and red sunlight streamed through the broken, gray clouds overhead. Jephraim struggled under the weight of Rigo's half-conscious form still slumped against his side. Breathing heavily, he rounded the final bend and saw the docks ahead of him, causing him to lengthen his stride as a renewed sense of vigor washed through his tired limbs and helped calm the spinning inside his skull brought on from his concussion suffered when he fell and was captured by the demons.

As he drew closer his blurred vision registered that a small boat was moored at the dock's edge and a stranger was standing next to Wilford. They were involved in an intense conversation which allowed Jephraim to get close to them before they noticed him and his burdensome companion. Wilford's eyes opened wide as he saw them approach and he quickly ran to assist the thief with his charge.

"Whar' be tha Cap'n?" Wilford asked as he came alongside the pair and threw Rigo's arm over his shoulders.

"He stayed behind. Had some things to talk about with his father." Jephraim panted. Wilford shook his head and gathered Rigo's

weight onto his shoulders, relieving the thief from his load. Jephraim stumbled as his previously ignored exhaustion spread through his weary limbs.

"Who are you?" An imperious voice demanded from out of Jephraim's peripherals. Tilting his head towards the sound of the voice his eyes rested on a man wearing a large set of heavy plate, a blue cloak settling around his shoulders and brushing across the ashen ground. Blond hair whipped wistfully around a fairly young face and blue eyes stared out from beneath strands of yellow hair. A symbol of a dove in flight was embroidered on the blue cowl he wore just above his right breast.

"I am Jephraim, ward of the Order of Maurice." Jephraim's voice was heavy and his eyes closed involuntarily as he spoke, causing him to sway slightly as sleep threatened to overwhelm him.

Undead Vampire on Undead Pegasus by Paul Mullis

"Well, Jephraim, it seems as though you've been through quite the ordeal. Your companion Wilford explained everything to me while we waited for your return. It's a shame about this outpost, but we will send another force to reclaim it, as this has been a most lucrative and essential foothold here." The man shifted his gaze around the still smoldering remnants of buildings that continued to crackle and burn as the light began to die away towards evening. "Gather yourself and get on the ship, we will be leaving shortly." Jephraim's eyes shot open at this statement.

"Wait! No! What about the Captain?" He asked.

Undead Necromancer and Skeletons by Andre Kritzinger

"What about him? You barely made it back here alive. I assumed that he had died, otherwise why would you have left him?"

"It's… complicated…" Jephraim shook his head "Look, let me go back and look for him, if I'm not back by nightfall you can leave without us, I know that he's not dead, but he is in danger and he needs help." The blond man stared at him for a moment, then nodded.

"That's less than an hour, man. What you are asking for is suicide."

"Please, sir…" Jephraim winced at the sound of his voice; he had never enjoyed begging.

"You misunderstand me, I do not plan on stopping you. You are free to try. My men are still scouring the ruins of the outpost and it will take longer than an hour to finish. You have until we are done, and once that is over and we are all aboard the ship, I set sail with or without you." The man turned, his cloak billowing out behind him and began to walk away.

"Thank you sir!" Jephraim straightened his shoulders and stared after the retreating form, before calling out, "Erm… forgive me…

but I never got your name." The man stopped and turned around to face Jephraim again.

"I am Gelder Rahdstein, Parochus of the Order of Grace within the Brotherhood. Do not thank me, yet. Wait until you have returned with your captain first."

Jephraim nodded curtly and turned back towards the growing shadows of the Star-Struck City.

* * * * *

Morticus stared at the blinding light of a thousand forge fires. Before him lay an open door and beyond that, strewn out in a fiery constellation of madness, lay a cavern far bigger than should have been able to sit beneath the rotting city above. Inside this huge cavern lay great rivers of fire that lit everything with blazing beams of orange light and red shadow which showed dozens of writhing figures bending and twisting in some macabre dance.

Looking closer, Morticus could not begin to count all of the figures that even now turned as one being to stare up at the door through which he stared and a blood-curdling howl tore itself from each of their cursed throats, blending together to form a shriek which threatened to shred his very sanity as it bellowed forth and slammed into him with its primal force.

Behind him, the twisted parody of his father smiled slowly.

"Now you see the futility of allowing your friends to escape. Even if they make it off the island and back to the relative safety of their own strongholds, there is nothing that will prevent their deaths once this mighty host marches forth upon the surface world." The demon laughed.

"How is this possible?" Morticus stammered.

"This door is magically linked to the depths of the Abyss far to the north. There are several more spread throughout the world of Mantica in preparation of a coming storm. The tides of evil are waxing strong and the time is becoming ripe for the blood of man,

Orc Hut by Andy Beckett

Abyssal Dwarf Lesser Obsidian Golems by Grant Mahoney

elf, and dwarf to bathe this world in an unholy baptism!" The demon cackled in unrestrained glee. "Each of these doors is linked to its commander, each one just as powerful as I am or moreso, and these commanders will lead their troops forward to begin the carnage very soon. Preparations are nearly complete and there is no way to stop it, my son! You can only join with it and discover your destiny by my side!"

Morticus's mouth was dry, his lips were parched. He couldn't find the breath to respond to this revelation. If he were a more prayerful being he might have tried to call upon some higher power at this moment, and indeed his hands came together to touch in just such a gesture as if guided by some dormant instinct within him. The surprisingly cool touch of his golden gauntlet against his other bare hand jarred him out of his terrified reverie and he looked down at it. His eyes narrowed as he stared at it carefully.

"Before you were born, our patron, Maurice, uttered a prophecy about you to your mother." His father's twisted voice sloughed over Morticus's ears and he shuddered involuntarily. "He said that you would be destined to help shape the future of Mantica, that you would become a great figure in the history of this world, but he did provide one caveat to that statement. He said that he could not see if you would be a force for good or evil, only that you would be a great and powerful shaper of the coming days. I think I see now how it will turn out now. You have a grave decision before you my son." The demon laid a hand on Morticus's shoulder and pulled him to his feet, forcing him to turn and stare into the its fiery eyes.

"What decision is that?" Morticus's voice was not terrified, no fear radiated from his eyes, but rather a calm melancholy had settled about his shoulders like heavy rain clouds in late winter when the snows refuse to give way to the chilling winds of early spring.

"You are plane-touched by one of the darkest, bloodiest deities to ever focus on the mortal realms. He was part of your inception, he cursed your birth while you were still in your mother's womb and implanted seeds of his own divinity there before your mother even knew that you existed. You were carried through blood and fire and your birth was heralded with death. You are a creature who has been crafted by the fates to give birth to unholy bloodshed here in this world. That is what drove you to commit those bloodthirsty acts as a child. It is why you heard whispers urging you to ever

greater feats of violence. You were born a child of blood, with a bloody god's mark upon you. You were born to lead the legions that now stand arrayed in the cavern below us. You need only choose to join me in order to reach up and grasp your birthright!"

"What must I do, Father?" The use of that paternal title caused the demon to start, and slowly a grin spread across his face and for a moment something awoke from behind the fiery pupils that bore into Morticus's skull. Something soft, even tender perhaps. It was there for a moment only before the demon blinked and then it was gone, but the moment filled Morticus with a dread revelation.

"I *am* your father." The demon spoke. "I am glad you have accepted that."

"You are what is left of him, yes. Part of me hopes that there is more hiding within your twisted shell." Morticus did not struggle against the demon's hold on him as he was lifted off the ground by its powerful claws.

Mortibrus the Necromancer by "C.M. Minis"

"Do not wish such a fate on me, boy." The creature's voice changed, growing deeper with an intense heat that dwarfed even the fires from the cavern beyond the portal. "The things I am capable of now would be handicapped were I still hindered by your pitiful morals. I realize now the folly of living to protect others. Violence is power. I no longer need to ask permission or feel guilt when I serve myself to what I want. That is what filled my days as a mortal. Guilt for not being able to save my home. Guilt for letting my soldiers die. Guilt for your mother and our love. That is what serving others will bring you, son, nothing but days that are eaten away by the constant gnawing of guilt for the good

Undead Wraiths by Guiseppe Aquino

which you could not do. Guilt for not being strong enough. Long nights spent agonizing and replaying the deaths of your men again and again in your mind. Pain as you see your beloved close her eyes for the last time while the mewling babe who killed her lays at your feet in a pool of her blood. All the while knowing that it is your fault that she is dead. Knowing that it is your lack of restraint that killed her, your sense of duty kept you from enjoying your last days with her!" The demon snarled and threw Morticus to the ground. The Captain rolled and scrambled to get some distance between him and his father, but the creature did not move. It stood staring at the floor, and when it spoke again, its voice was in a whisper that was barely audible.

"Do you know that even now, when I am up on the surface and the world is still and cool, I can still see her face?" The demon lifted its gaze to stare at Morticus, and his breathing stilled within his chest, and every word that the demon spoke after that raised in pitch and fervor until it was almost shouting. "That is why I am asking you to help me, my son! Come with me! Help erase all this pain from my self-righteous past! Take away the last vestiges of this guilt within me! Help me to become whole by joining me and helping me to wipe away all traces of this past by destroying the world to which it belongs! Please, son! Release me from my torment!" Morticus stared at his father for a moment before rising to his feet.

"What do you need me to do?" He whispered, his eyes never leaving the demon's stare.

"Take off that accursed gauntlet. That is all that you need do. Then your unrestrained true nature will shine forth and you will no longer be hindered in the path to your fate."

"What is so special about it?" Morticus did not seem surprised by the answer, more resigned than anything else.

"It was crafted by Maurice out of starmetal. It suppresses demonic energies and in your case it makes it so that your dark nature cannot express itself. It takes away who you are and forbids you your agency to act upon your own free will. It forces you to ignore your demonic heritage which was given to you before you were even born. It is such a strong enchantment that your demonic essence cannot even remove the cursed thing, only its wearer can remove it, and it must be done by the wearer's choosing." The demon moved closer to Morticus. "Once you take it off, your true nature will free itself and you will be able to join me at the head of our army."

Morticus stared at the golden glove which extended down his forearm. Intricate patterns and designs were etched into its surface. A large metal clasp sat in the middle of the bracer. Reaching up, he slowly began to twist it open.

"Captain, NO!" A voice echoed through the hallway. Morticus turned to see Jephraim standing behind him, his face drawn and his eyes open wide with an imploring look.

"Foolish human! You must wish to die after all!" The demon snarled and leaped towards the thief, who recoiled and fell to the ground. The demon stopped above him with its claws held overhead, a savage growl upon its lips. Jephraim raised his hands in a futile gesture to protect himself from the coming inevitability.

"Father, stop!" Morticus placed a bare hand on his father's shoulder. Red lines crisscrossed the newly exposed flesh. Turning its head, the demon saw the open golden gauntlet held in Morticus's other

Undead Revenant Cavalry by "imm0rtal reaper"

Undead Skeletons by Jim Kew

hand. “It is done, there is no need to kill the human. Let him go, he will die soon enough.” The demon turned its face back to stare down at Jephraim.

“You have an extremely large amount of luck, human. One of these days it’s going to run out. But not today, it seems. Flee, mortal!” In a sudden burst of speed, the demon turned and caught Morticus’s wrist which held the golden gauntlet. The Captain cried out in pain as it squeezed his wrist until the artefact fell from his nerveless fingers.

“You didn’t think I would be expecting that, did you?” It hissed as it squeezed. The demon backhanded the Captain and he flew backwards to strike the wall behind him. “I know that it will take some time for your true self to regain power, and until it does I will be watching you very closely. The look on your face was perfect! You thought you could sacrifice yourself to save your poor, wretched father!?” The demon reared its head and let loose an awful laugh. Then he turned again and lashed out with a clawed hand to rake across Jephraim’s exposed back as he bent over the fallen gauntlet. The thief cried out in pain and fell forward onto the ground.

“You don’t know when to quit, do you?” The monster growled as its mouth curled into an evil smile. “It seems as though your luck has finally run out, then. You should have just run away, it would have prolonged your pitiful life for at least a day or two longer.” It raised its clawed hand once more and

leaned in for a killing strike. Just before the strike could fall, however, the creature reared up and bellowed in pain.

Behind it stood Morticus holding Jephraim's seax which was buried to the hilt in the demon's back. The creature screamed and whirled, once again throwing Morticus back into the wall behind him, where he slid to the ground. The beast ripped the small weapon from its back and raged at the slumped form of its son.

"It will take more than that, boy! Just for that I will make you watch as I disembowel your friend before your eyes! He will scream for mercy before the end, and you will have his sweet cries for help to accompany your descent into oblivion!" The creature once again turned back to face the fallen thief, but Jephraim had disappeared! The monster spun about, trying to locate the thief, but he was nowhere to be found. The demon raised its fists into the air and howled in frustration and as it did so it felt something cold and metallic slide over its forearm and a small click as a clasp latched in place.

Jephraim dodged away from the beast as it snarled in pain and anger and lunged at him, but its movements seemed slow, drunken even as it staggered forward. The sound of sizzling meat filled the air accompanied by sluggish cries of pain as the demon stumbled and fell forward onto its knees. A look of absolute hatred stabbed out of its eyes at the thief before a rumbling moan tore itself from its chest and it toppled forward onto the ground to lie still.

Undead Wraiths by Christian Schlumpberger

Undead Soul Reavers by Boris Samec

Jephraim sat for a moment, his heart pounding in his ears as he stared at the prone form of the demon. Before his eyes something incredible seemed to happen. The creature's body seemed to shrink and the bony protrusions and horns slowly began to pull back into its form. It's flesh took on a paler hue and its claws shrank to more human proportions. Magically the gauntlet shrank with the creature's form and stayed firmly latched to its arm, somehow it had even wrapped itself around the creature's hand so that it looked as though the demon had pulled the gauntlet on itself.

"Thank you, thief." Morticus's gruff voice rasped across the rapidly cooling hallway. Jephraim shivered at the sudden cold.

"Sleight of hand was always my best talent." Jephraim attempted to laugh, but it came out hollow and mirthless. "What happens now?" He asked, grimacing as he felt the claw marks on his back and fire spread out from the open wounds.

"Now, you need to take care of him for me." Morticus stared at the dwindling form of his father on the ground. "Make sure he's taken back to the Order's fortress at the edge of the Abyss, treat his wounds, make sure he stays alive." The Captain blinked and shook his head. He muttered something under his breath and shrugged his shoulders sharply.

“Quickly, you must go, there isn’t much time.” Morticus walked towards the portal which was still open. Strange sounds could be heard from the cavern beyond, but they seemed to echo as if they were a long ways away.

“What about you?” Jephraim struggled to stand, groaning at the fire that spread out from his back and caused his breathing to come in ragged gasps.

“I’m no longer safe to be around.” Morticus spoke without turning. “Go back to the Order, tell them what you’ve seen here. Tell them that something is coming for which we are not prepared. Give them this.” Morticuss pulled something from his belt and threw it to the thief, who caught it and looked it over. It was a simple signet of a mailed hand clasping a sword wreathed in fire.

“That’s my sign, it should give you some credibility. Warn them, Jephraim, tell them to call in all of our allies, whatever favors are owed us, promise whatever is needed to get as many troops as we can to the Edge. The light is dimming and soon fire and blood will be as common as the turning of the seasons. Take my father with you, his voice may carry some weight, but be careful with the story you tell of him. There are many that will not like that the original Grand Master has returned and will use any ploy they can to secure their own power, including murder I’m afraid.” Morticus shuddered and put a hand against the wall to steady himself. He turned slowly and glanced down at the fallen form of his father.

“I’m sorry I could not release you from your torment, Father. Maybe you will do so for me.”

Undead Skeletons by Alex Visentin

Undead Werewolves by 'Juanje'

"What about you?" Jephraim repeated his question. "Where will you go?"

"The portal is closing as my father's power fades, but it's still open. Do not expect to see me again, thief. Where I'm going few ever return. Thank you again for everything. Goodbye." Before the thief could respond Morticus took the last remaining steps through the door and pulled it shut behind him. Immediately the horrible wailing from the opposite side stopped and a heavy cold consumed the hallway where Jephraim stood with the still dwindling form of Gregor Goldenhand lying on the floor. .

* * * * *

Wilford saw the two figures shambling through the evening mist and ran towards them. As he approached he recognized the hunched form of the thief Jephraim, but there was something wrong with the other figure. When he was close enough to reach out to them he realized what it was and quickly drew one of his axes.

"Dinnae tell me tha' be who Ah think it be?!" Wilford's voice quavered as he spoke.

"It is, and I have promised to keep him safe." Jephraim's voice was weak and tired.

"An' tha Cap'n?" Wilford asked. Jephraim simply shook his head and didn't reply.

"Is the ship still here?" Jephraim asked instead.

"Aye, tho' jus aboot ta leave ye. Bes' hurry yon up thar an' tell 'im ye be here, afore he shooves off." Wilford moved to take Morticus's father from Jephraim, but the thief waved him away and stumbled towards the ship.

Once on board he quickly located the Parochus and the small skiff pushed off from the now abandoned wharf. Once they were in the water Gelder questioned Jephraim solemnly.

"I see you found what you were looking for?" He asked. Jephraim shook his head.

"No, I found something much worse. How quickly could the Brotherhood get us back to the Edge of the Abyss? To the Order of Maurice's fortress?"

"That far? If it were an emergency, I imagine two or three weeks hard travel, depending on the weather. Why?" Gelder leaned over the slumped form of Morticus's father and pulled the blanket off to reveal the slumbering face of the former demon.

"Because something terrible is coming, and we are going to need every possible minute we can spare." Jephraim leaned back as the Parochus stared at him quizzically before shrugging and walking away to bellow orders to his men who were manning the ship as they sped through the expanding mists of the coming night. Despite all that had happened, Jephraim closed his eyes and fell into a deep sleep.▪

-Here ends the first chapter of our Heroes' Journey -

Undead Revenant Cavalry by Martin Geibner

DAMON

By Chris Davis

The river was the always the most pungent aspect of the town, the smell always sweet and the flow so crisp one could hear it for miles away. A thing of true beauty, smooth white stones had been laid in to create the river bed and walls. The river was crystal clear and flowed for miles through town both above and below. So elaborate was the lay out of the man made river that it flowed right into the center of town and back out again crisscrossing over itself at least a dozen times in some areas. Everyone in town felt great pride when they saw their river for it was theirs. Such aching beauty was rare and all who lived in the town knew so.

But that was then and this is now. The river is still a thing to behold, and it still runs for miles, its pure white stone blocks creating the effect of a swimming pool that goes on forever. Only now if one was to follow that never ending pool they would find that as they made their way to the center things took an off effect. Closer to the center where the grand fountain once stood the water was red, orangish in hue but red, blood red. At the exact center of the fountain was the source of the blood red color.

It stood no less than 6 feet tall when it stood full erect. Most of the time it swayed about in a half crouch, for it was more thing than human or even humanoid. Though humanoid would be the term most would use to describe it. Standing at least 6 feet tall, its base was made up of tails of snakes, so many tails just ends every where like a mass of writhing tales. As the eye travels up its form a center body forms just one massive snake lower half leading into a female torso.

By Boris Samec

Branching out of the torso like any normal female where all the parts of a fully grown woman, only most women do not have dead oval eyes with no iris. Nor do most women have massive translucent wings, sprouting out of the small their back. The few pieces of clothing it wears are modest at best, a armored right arm and gauntleted right hand, plus a tattered cowl over its inhuman head make up the only clothing this thing of nightmares wears. It is here at this point that the cause of the waters color can be seen. Every inch of this snake like creature is covered in blood. Blood flows down its arms and body, down the massive spear that its right hand holds tightly. The only place free of blood is its red hued translucent wings, which one would swear under closer inspection are made of blood themselves. But that would be madness? Surely such a create can not fly least not with wings made of blood?

Dungeon Saga Ba'al by "C.M. Minis"

Undead by Christian Schlumpberger

Flying or not the damon rest in its nest of snake tails on-top of what once was the town centers fountain. Body heaving arms moving around almost as if to grab the air itself and shake what it needs out of the very ether. All around the shatter fountain base that it uses as a perch for the instance are shattered bones of warriors who tried to best it. A black shield still attached to the frame of a skeleton warrior behind the fountain, asserts to the fate of those that would challenge it. The dead skeleton warrior is bathed in the light of ancient energy.

The damon's right hand glows a odd pale blue near white light. This glow is the ancient energy that it has harnessed. Sparks travel up and down its blood soaked form. It cares not about the blood or the electricity that arcs up and down its armored hand. If anything it seems to welcome the bouts of sting the power the emissions cause. For it to show any form of pain or suffering would be weakness in the eyes of those it would lead. While its rule is firm and absolute this could change at any time for any reason. So the creature suffers in silence knowing that while it is feared and respected it could become game to an number of lesser races.▪

ETERNAL

By Donn Turner

The pale glow of the full moon was being reflected from numerous grains of sand, making it appear as if hundreds of tiny stars had fallen among the endless dunes. For the roving bands of desert nomads, these false stars transformed their harsh world into a beautiful oasis of endless night. For Aseta, it brought only pain.

Aseta had emerged from her tomb complex, and was staring out at the pale desert from her ceremonial balcony. She was as still and cold as stone. Only the subtle swaying of her burial wrappings, being teased by a gentle night breeze, set her apart from the statues that adorned her sacred space.

The false light had stirred something deep within her. As the ancient memory rushed to consume her, a soft dry rattle of stale air escaped from her throat. The rich scent of the exotic incense that burned in lavish lamps. The lightness of thought that could only be brought about by a little too much spiced wine. The cool night air causing her skin to chill and prickle. Her lover's powerful embrace.

Aseta smashed aside the memory with her brutal will. Now was not the time to be lost in the past. After so long, she had finally found her prize, and she would not let herself be distracted by the ghosts of what was. Aseta tightened her grip on her ceremonial staff, and moved to the edge of

Undead Zombies by Matt Gilbert

the balcony.

Below her, the doors of the massive tomb complex were slowly rumbling open. Great skeletal beasts of burden, thrashing their heads about in soundless defiance, were being driven by silent masters to move the giant stone slabs. Although she could not see or hear her priests deep within the complex, she knew that they were busy rousing her soldiers. She could feel their wills lashing out at the ancient bones housed within.

Impatiently, Aseta allowed a fraction of her awareness to fall upon her troops, and willed them to move. She was only mildly satisfied when she felt her army begin to shamble forward. Her priests redoubled their efforts, less they attract their mistress' ire. This would have brought a smile to Aseta's lips, if she had any.

Another memory began to stir within Aseta's core. Nervous. Excited. Eager. Expectant. S he felt her heart race as his lips neared hers. Her first kiss. He was so much older. Father wouldn't approve.

She had been beautiful once. So beautiful. Born into a wealthy and powerful family, she had lived a life of luxury that few could ever dream of. But, it was her beauty that had made her truly powerful.

Aseta had learned this at a very young age. Whatever she wanted, she had to but ask, and her father would move heaven and earth in order to get it for her. When she went too far, Aseta would shower her father with affection, and he would forgive her. This was a power that neither money nor station could provide.

Undead Skeleton by "left64"

Aseta was suddenly paralyzed by her memories. Father. He was her first love. Her protector. Her champion. When he had discovered that a household priest had dared to touch his daughter, he made an example out of him. It thrilled Aseta to watch her father punish the fool. So much anger.

Aseta forced herself to focus. Her army was just beginning to emerge from the tomb complex. They would need her guidance. Her…direction…

Father. Aseta had promised the guard one night if he would let her into the temple

complex. She found her father, cold and still, on the ceremonial table. The priests had been preparing his body to be raised into the service of the Pharaoh. But, she got to him before they could finish their magics. She had grabbed his lifeless hand, and held it to her cheek. Her immaculate skin was flawed by black streaks, as her tears had caused her eyeliner to run.

Aseta stumbled. In symbiosis, her army hesitated, and then froze. The priests gazed worriedly up at their mistress. Before they could act, Aseta regained her composure, and drowned the tomb complex in her mighty will. Her presence was so powerful, that the entire army recoiled as if struck by a physical blow. Within moments, the entire host had recovered, and were marching forward again.

Aseta radiated defiance. She would not be vulnerable again. Never again…

Aseta's older brother, jealous of his father's lavish affections for his daughter, had hastily arranged a marriage to a lesser family after he took control of the household. Aseta refused, but she did not have the position or power to deny him. So, Aseta used the one power that she did have. She seduced a powerful priest, and arranged for the death of her brother and husband.

Undead Revenant King by Paul Mullis

Aseta mentally summoned a skeletal slave to bring forth a heavily inscribed jar. Bowing to his mistress' will, the slave shambled forward, and bowed before her might. Aseta opened the jar, and was filled with grim satisfaction. She took her time, and enjoyed the anguished wailing of her older brother's entrapped soul. Satisfied, she sealed the jar, and returned her attention to her army. So much power…

It had taken many years, and many lovers, for Aseta to learn the magics of death. She had quickly discovered that she was very talented in the ways of death, but true skill can take a lifetime to master. So, Aseta

Undead Vampire versus Elves in the Star-Struck City by Austin Peasley

made sure that she perfected the spells that would prolong her life, with the lives of others, first. Some of the fools were even willing.

After a mere 50 years, Aseta had acquired knowledge and skill that easily rivaled other High Priests, but she was not in a position to act on her desires. Aseta simply did not have the position or wealth to rise above the petty squabbles and political games that were now plaguing the land. If she was going to truly achieve the station that she deserved, Aseta would need a champion.

Aseta waited for the perfect opportunity. She did not have to wait long. It was during a lavish feast, honoring another conquest of the great Pharaoh Amenasis, that Aseta decided that she had finally found the perfect consort.

After all of the guests had spent hours celebrating, the music suddenly changed into something much more…appropriate… for Aseta to make her entrance. 40 beguiling maidens brought forth a palanquin, upon which Aseta writhed. As the maidens approached the center of the great hall, Aseta reached the height of her exotic dance. All of the revelers were enraptured, but Amenasis merely looked on in amusement.

Once her performance was complete, Aseta was satisfied when Amenasis asked her to join him in his private chambers. However, she was not prepared to discover that Amenasis had been waiting for her. Even though Aseta had spent decades plotting in the shadows, she had drawn the wary attention of the Pharaoh's priests. They had warned him of Aseta's potential, and had advised him to destroy her without

delay. However, Amenasis was intrigued by Aseta, and proposed an alliance. If she promised to serve him, Amenasis would make Aseta Queen. Together, they would crush the lesser families, and reign for eternity.

Aseta felt Amenasis extend his will over his Revenant Guard, and knew that it was almost time to leave the tomb complex. His presence was powerful and masculine. It amused Aseta that even after all of this time, Amenasis still made her…feel…

Aseta was enraged. No one, other than her father, had ever made her feel anything. Others were nothing more than pawns or obstacles. But, over the decades, Aseta had actually grown fond of Amenasis. He was just so… powerful. Despite her best efforts, Aseta could not control herself. And now, despite everything that they had been through, Amenasis was…distracted.

Aseta obliterated the two Revenant Guards that barred her approach, and stormed into Amenasis' chambers. He was not surprised, because he had felt Aseta's fury long before she entered the room. But, Amenasis' new toy was terrified. Good. She was little more than a child, and seeing her cower in the corner was satisfying. Amenasis was not amused.

In the end, Amenasis had to secret the girl away, because Aseta had killed and raised her entire family. Aseta, of course, was furious. Aseta was confronting her consort about the girl's whereabouts, when she suddenly felt a tremendous surge of power. Before she could weave a counter spell, a blast wave of pure hate struck the pair. As Aseta and Amenasis reeled, a sand storm consumed the land…

Undead steed by Paul Scott

Undead Wraiths by Chris Schlumpberger

Aseta felt her rage swell. She was so beautiful once. But now, she was nothing more than a withered skeleton. Held together by burial wrappings and will. She was so beautiful once…

Aseta found Amenasis in the open desert. He wasn't hiding. He had simply lost his will to go on. Aseta had spent a great deal of time and resources tracking down her former consort. She was ready to obliterate him. Utterly. Not even his essence would be allowed to remain. If he had been focused on their enemies, instead of some mortal play thing, then none of this would have happened. They could have crushed the traitors before they had summoned the storm.

She willed her soldiers to turn Amenasis over. He had collapsed face first into the sand, and Aseta wanted to see his face as she destroyed his being. When her slaves turned Amenasis over, Aseta was stunned. He had been holding something close to where his heart used to be. Some sort of mask. It had fallen from Amenasis' grip as the skeletal warriors turned him over. The face…her face!

Amenasis rode out of the tomb complex, his Revenant Guard flanking him on each side. He was so strong. So powerful. Like he once was. Almost.

She had forgiven him, of course. It had taken centuries. But, they were now of one

accord. They would make them pay. They would make them all pay. While the other Cursed marched to the Abyss, Aseta and Amenasis had other plans. The dark powers may be waxing, but that was of no concern. They were going to make the traitors pay for what they did.

Aseta sat upon her throne, and put her face on. It was cracked, damaged when it had fallen out of Amenasis' grasp all those centuries ago. Even though it was flawed, it was still better than what was underneath. She was beautiful once. Now, Aseta would have to be powerful. She willed her skeletal maidens to take her out of the tomb complex.

As the skeletal legion marched out into the cold night, Aseta took her place by Amenasis. He turned his bare skull towards her, and then back to his legion. Where once they had dreams of an eternity of pleasure, now they were filled with nothing but hate. A hatred of the traitors. A hatred of the living. A hatred of the light. Eternally bound by hate. Eternally bound by what once was. They would make them all pay… even if it took eternity.▪

Undead Skeletons by Jim Kew

Kings of War at Adepticon 2015, courtesy of Mantic Games

BUILDING A COMMUNITY

By Ben Stoddard

In this world of online gaming and social media it can be somewhat difficult to get a community centered on tabletop gaming up and running. The area in which I game (the most easterly corner of the Pacific Northwest Master's region) is particularly faced with another major issue in that there are not a lot of people who physically live anywhere near where I do! Yet I've been able to establish a fairly decent community within this island of tabletop gaming. I haven't done it alone, and it hasn't been easy. It's taken a lot of investment on both mine and others' parts, both of finances and time, to establish this area. But that is not the point of this article; it's just the warning label that I like to put at the front of this discussion. If you want to establish a group of players, then you need to be prepared to put in a lot of work, it's worthwhile and fun, but sometimes work is work and you need to be ready for it.

Arguably one of the best things about our hobby is the social aspect. But this can also be seriously daunting for some people, too. Our hobby requires interaction between individuals on a rather personal level. Among other things, we display our varying degrees of talent in the presentation of our army, and this can be terrifying for some people, I

know it is for me. It can also be daunting to begin playing a game with new people because nobody likes looking incompetent or foolish when entering a new social setting and doing so is a big step of faith for some. A lot of aspects of this hobby require a certain amount of gregariousness that many find difficult to exude and drawing people to your community for the game of your choice requires that you make that transition into your group as easy as possible.

The need for a local community is an obvious one for most players, after all if you don't have an opponent then you can't really play the game, but it's also one that provides a unique set of challenges. For areas that lack an established group or club or that don't have large tournament scenes it can be especially challenging. Yet there are many people who love this hobby, and love the games that Mantic provides, but are frustrated by the lack of opponents and fellow players for them to play against in their local area. Many wish they could do something but aren't sure where to start. Looking back at my experiences, I can't say that I blame them, either. Establishing a community can be a daunting task!

Below is a list of 5 Golden Rules I have found, in my experience, that are essential

A Kings of War siege by "TSNC"

A Kings of War Siege by "SneakyChris"

to establishing any kind of community, but that are particularly necessary for establishing one centered on tabletop wargaming:

1. **Establish a Rallying Point**

One thing that is absolutely essential for building a community is finding a common ground where players can congregate, discuss the hobby in person, and play games. Ideally this should be someplace public, easy to access, and hopefully have easy access to snacks. The optimal place to meet up is at a game store of some kind or a public clubhouse (if you are so fortunate). This removes that extremely awkward moment of having to go to somebody's home whom you don't know. Even if you are the most laid back host in the world, people will always feel awkward going to the house of someone that they don't know well and this will deter a lot of potential players. A game store that is noisy, somewhat smelly, or crowded, will generally make newcomers feel more at ease simply by being in a public location. Plus there is the added bonus of getting a storeowner on your side which could lead to help with prize support or other aid in your upcoming events that you will be organizing.

If you don't have a game store near you then check with your local library, or look at your town hall to see if they have loaner rooms for community groups that you can use. Barring that, check with an area church or even a restaurant! I remember that the local Pokémon club in my area started by playing games at Arctic Circle on Thursday nights, because they were slow those days and the owner was just happy to have people in the dining room, not to mention that snacking is a big part of our hobby and if I could have a cheeseburger while I'm pushing plastic army men across the board I would totally be on board with that! Ultimately, the main requirement here is that the place needs to have public access in an area that will be inviting to new players and that isn't too difficult to find.

The purpose of this is two-fold: First it gives you a common ground where everyone knows the societal rules for how to behave for the most part. Second, it gives your hobby greater exposure. I know of several players that saw somebody playing a game they thought looked cool while they were involved in some other activity. They went over and asked a few questions and came back in the following weeks ready to play. This wouldn't have been possible if the club hadn't been playing somewhere that

Mars Attacks Martians by Grant Mahoney

Dwarven Berserker versus a Goblin Mawbeast and handler by Paul Mullis

allowed for outside traffic to see the game and pique their interest. But of course, this requires that someone be willing to talk to them, which leads me to my second golden rule.

2. Never be afraid to talk about your hobby

You don't have to dominate every conversation when talking about the game of choice, but you shouldn't be ashamed of it, either. You never know who will be interested in the game. There is a certain stigma that follows around lovers of Fantasy and Sci-Fi games, especially when you throw in little plastic men and dice. This stigma is of grown men with speech impediments and mommy issues who still haven't moved out of their parents' basements. Fight this misconception. Don't be aggressive or overbearing, but just be a person who practices good hygiene and knows how to string a cohesive sentence together. Let people who approach you know that you are just someone who loves their hobby and thinks that there are others who might enjoy it, too.

Amongst those who are already indoctrinated into the world of tabletop gaming this becomes much easier. Just explain the game and how it's played. Don't bombard people with information, but just give the most basic explanation that you can think of and wait for them to ask questions. As time goes on your rhetoric involving the game will improve, but at the onset it's more important that you let people know about the game in whatever form that you can and then once you have an established community you can work on refining the process. At first, though, the main focus is simply getting the word out in any positive

way that you can.

3. Always be running events

Nothing helps a community to grow more than events. These don't have to be tournaments; in fact I'd say that they *shouldn't* be exclusively tournaments. League play, build and paint days, story competitions, campaigns, these are all great options for events and when run alongside tournaments make for a great way to pump your players up about other upcoming events. Players need something to aim for in many cases in order to justify them getting all their stuff together and travelling out to the club for the weekly (or bi-monthly/ monthly) meetings. I know that getting the gumption up to paint another horde of dwarves is far less daunting when I know that I'm getting ready for a campaign day, or a tournament.

Beyond giving your players something to aim for, this also increases exposure to outside crowds and incidentally other potential new players. A tournament usually brings out the best looking units in a player's collection, and these units generally tend to catch the eye of people passing by better than squares of cardboard cut out to test a new list or other things that you will usually find during regular club meetings. Tournaments are a spectacle, league play increases the amount of games being played, a campaign gets your players excited, paint and build days are meant to increase the wow factor for spectators. All of these events are important and unique in spreading the word about the hobby.

Not all of these events need to be overly elaborate. In fact the majority of them should be pretty simple. I've found that by holding one flagship event each year, I can build interest towards that single event by putting on other, smaller events that are pretty easy to put on and manage in order to build towards that one big event. Examples of smaller events that require less planning than a full-blown 2 day tournament are abundant, especially in this hobby. The Counter Charge Podcast puts on their famous "Army In A Weekend" Spectacular every several months where players come together and for one weekend across the nation/world these players' goals is to paint 1000 points of Kings of War models starting Friday night and continuing through Sunday. This is something that an organizer can spread the word about and on the day of the actual event they can set up their computer with their webcam and join in the fun with little to no other investment on their part.

The International Campaign Day will be taking place on September 30th of this year again. This will be the third one of its kind and it also requires very little effort for an

Ogre warriors by 'Azazel'

Deadzone Reb Strike Force by Nicodemus Sandberg

organizer to run. All it takes is a stable internet connection and the ability to host a day of gaming in any given location. There are no prizes or awards (unless you as an organizer wish to make one) but the outcomes of the players' battles dictate the flow of a story told by the hundreds of players all across the globe. If you're interested in this then search "KoW International Campaign Day" on Facebook and send Kris Kapsner, Mark Cox, or myself a message expressing your interest.

4. (Almost) Always put your players first

As a community builder, all of your efforts should be aimed at building that community up when it comes to your hobby time. I spend many nights building terrain and organizing player packets so that when the time comes I have things to present to my players that keep them coming back to each event and activity I have planned for them. Whether that's tweaking my scoring system for a tournament, searching for sponsors for events and prize support, or building a fun scenario for us to try out at our next game night, I'm always working on what I think the players in my area want.

One of the biggest factors in this is getting player feedback. I am always asking my players what they would like to do, whether that's more tournaments, paint days, or whatever. This draws them in and gets them personally invested in what is happening at our regular meetings and it gets them psyched about upcoming games and events. If your community tells you that they want more league play and less tournaments, even though you have a killer idea for a tournament, you should focus on league play. In this way your players feel like they are part of a community, rather than passive

members of your personal agenda.

Lastly, and this is extremely important, you must **be consistent**. If you say you're going to host an event, then you'd better do it, regardless of how many players show up. If only two people sign up for the event then you'd better go through with it. If you do cancel a planned event, then it had better be for a genuine emergency that either involves a hospital or avoiding significant issues with a spouse or significant other. If you get the reputation of being wishy-washy with your event planning, then nobody can trust you when you say you'll put on an event, and soon no one will even try to come. Follow through with everything that you promise. Communication is key to this, as it is to all parts of the process. If you must cancel an event, try to do it with enough time to let players change their own plans, and to be able to refund them the money that anyone may have paid. Always be talking to your players: hype them up about new ideas that you have, share ideas that you've thought of for them, get them involved in the creation process. An important thing to remember is that you are building a community, and in a community everyone participates, not just you.

However, you need to make sure that you are having fun with your hobby. If this game becomes a constant chore (sometimes it will have chore-like qualities, but all things that are worth doing have that about them sometimes), then you will stop enjoying it. Always keep this in mind. In the end remember this piece of advice: build the kind of events that you would like to see and you'll attract likeminded individuals who will be excited for the events that you plan. Because if you stop enjoying hosting tournaments and events, then no one else

A Kings of War battle by "puggimer"

Mars Attacks U.S. Marines by Adam Morrow

will enjoy them either and interest will dwindle, which brings me to my next point.

5. Avoid Burnout

Just like you should involve others in the decision making process for what things your group will be doing, you should also delegate responsibilities. Establish lieutenants who are strong members of your community that can take your place from time to time with certain responsibilities. There are certain players in my area that make for great demo-gamers who I know will give excellent first games to those who are looking into the hobby, and there are others who I wouldn't trust to even talk to a first-time gamer. Know who these players are and how you can use their talents and abilities to help grow your community. If you are the only one doing anything then you will eventually get tired and frustrated with how lackadaisical and uninterested your community appears to be. Get people involved and make sure that everyone who wants to is able to participate in the process of growing your community.

This works for you on multiple levels. It frees you up from responsibilities so that you can actually play your game. A lot of your focus will be on community building, and once you have some reliable help you can take a few moments to remind yourself why you got into this hobby. Make sure you have things that you are excited about doing so that you don't lose interest in the hobby. The moment that this hobby becomes a grind for you is the moment your community will start to die off, especially if you haven't established good players to help share the load.

Even if you are fanatical in devotion, there are times when everyone needs a break from their hobby. When painting and gaming become burdensome or tedious then you need to have people within your community willing to step up and help keep the community going while you take a break. Use these breaks to separate yourself from the hobby and catch your breath: read a book, watch a TV series, go camping, finish a video game, do something unrelated to the hobby in order to recharge your batteries.

Because at times building a community can be exhausting and if you aren't careful you'll find yourself out of motivation or even a will to care about the game and then all the hard work and effort that you've expended will be wasted as your community slowly dies away because you are no longer there to support it.

Take care of yourself so that you can continue to expand the community and build something that may even outlast you and your participation within the hobby.

Ultimately, *someone must step up to establish a community where there is none. So why not you?*

This is the basics of the process that I have followed in order to build up the community in my area. I've helped to build up communities for various different groups within my area and these fundamental practices have proven to be the lynchpin in every community I've worked with. Does this mean that if you follow each of these rules that you will soon have a thriving community for your hobby? Maybe. There's no guarantee, but I will say that if you do not follow these five rules than the chances of you building a strong and sustainable community dwindle down into the furthest outlier chance of success.

Before beginning this in-depth process you need to make sure that you are committed to the idea and ask yourself how much you want a community in your area, because once you start it will take several months or even years of commitment during which time your own personal hobby time will be reduced. Compound this with family and career responsibilities and make sure that you are able to dedicate the necessary

A Star-Struck City battle by Austin Peasley

Deadzone Marauder Strike Force by Grant Mahoney

resources. My wife is very loving and supporting in this role and so it makes it much easier to dedicate the necessary time. If I did not have her support, or she was opposed to it, then I doubt I would be able to do the things that I do.

Once you have decided to take the plunge, you will experience how rewarding it is to see your community begin to thrive. When people start talking about your events and looking forward to the next one it is such a sense of pride and accomplishment. When players start asking your advice about their own projects, or ideas for scenarios, or plans for tournaments and events outside of your area, you feel a strange thrill at what you've accomplished. I believe that anyone who wants to achieve this will be able to do so, it's just a matter of effort and desire.

This doesn't mean that it won't be fun, either! But like all things worthwhile, it will require time and energy. There will be game nights where no one shows up. There will be tournaments where you only have three players signed up for it on the day of the event. There will be times when you show up to the game shop hoping to get a good game in and you end up teaching a demo game instead. These disappointments will be tempered with days where you have a shop filled with people eager to learn about your hobby and wanting to join in, and eventually events for which you get to be a participant and not an organizer.

Ultimately this is a labor of love. The payoff has to be a desire to see the community grow and have people excited about the events you put on. Because you aren't going to get to play in too many tournaments in your immediate area, but you have to remember the idea that you are laying the groundwork for a community that will become a self-sustaining community later on which you can then become a player within, instead of simply a leader who builds. When that begins to happen, it's a beautiful thing, and it makes the work from the beginning all worth it.▪

Warpath battle at Adepticon 2015, courtesy of Mantic Games

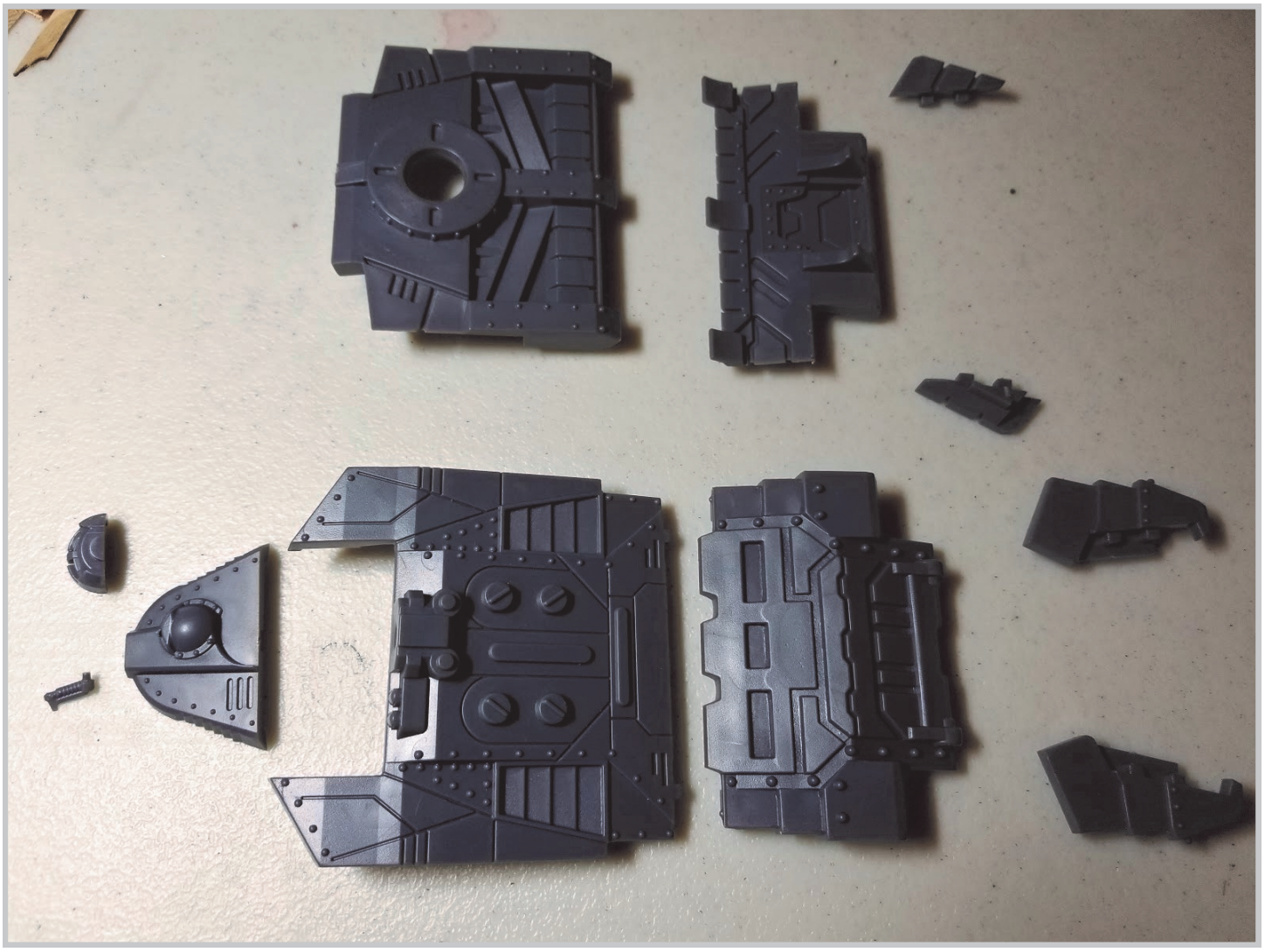
ASSEMBLING THE FORGE FATHER TANKS

By Spencer E.

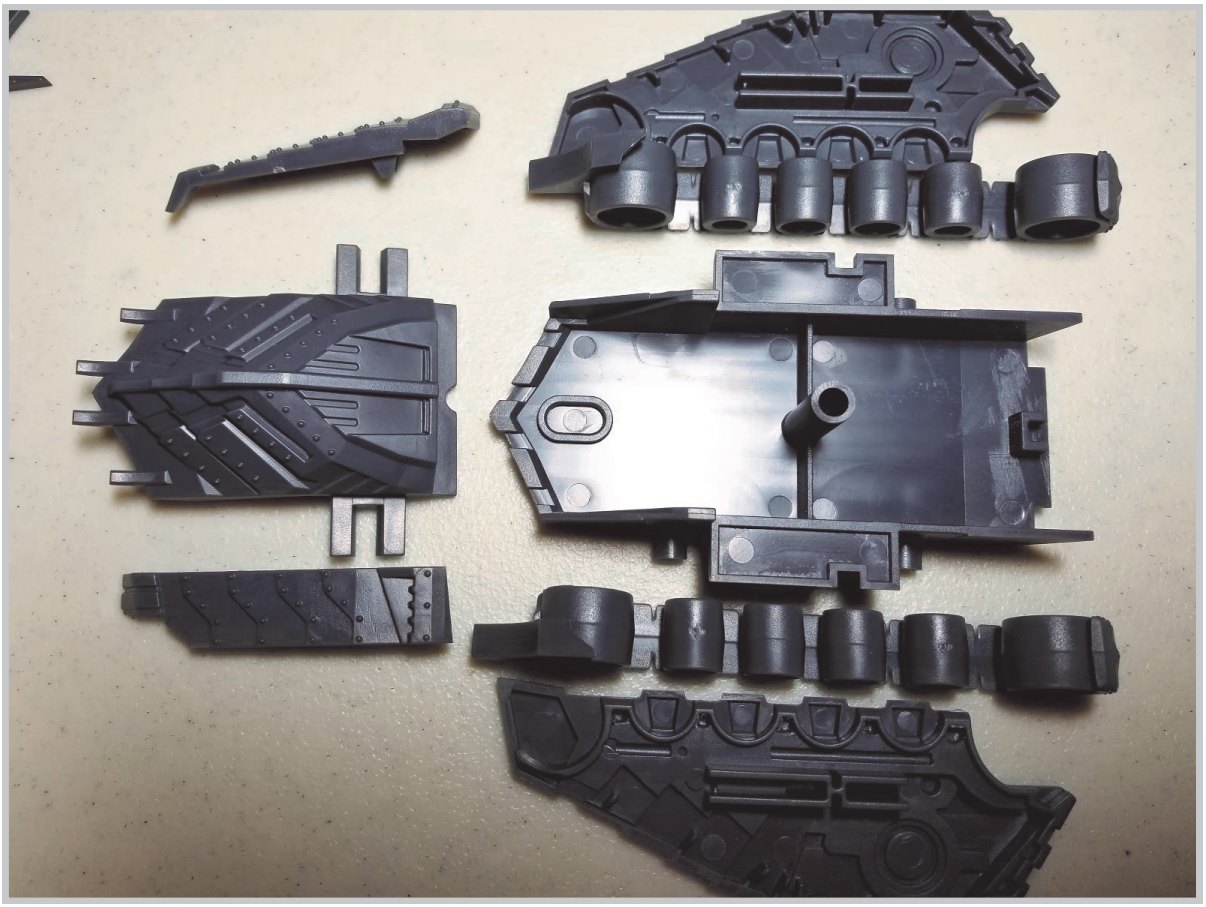
Editor's Note: Spencer has provided an awesome guide for assembling your Forgefather tanks. Just follow along below!

Forgefather Iron Ancestor by Boris Samec

Before you begin: Sort your pieces per the following pictures.

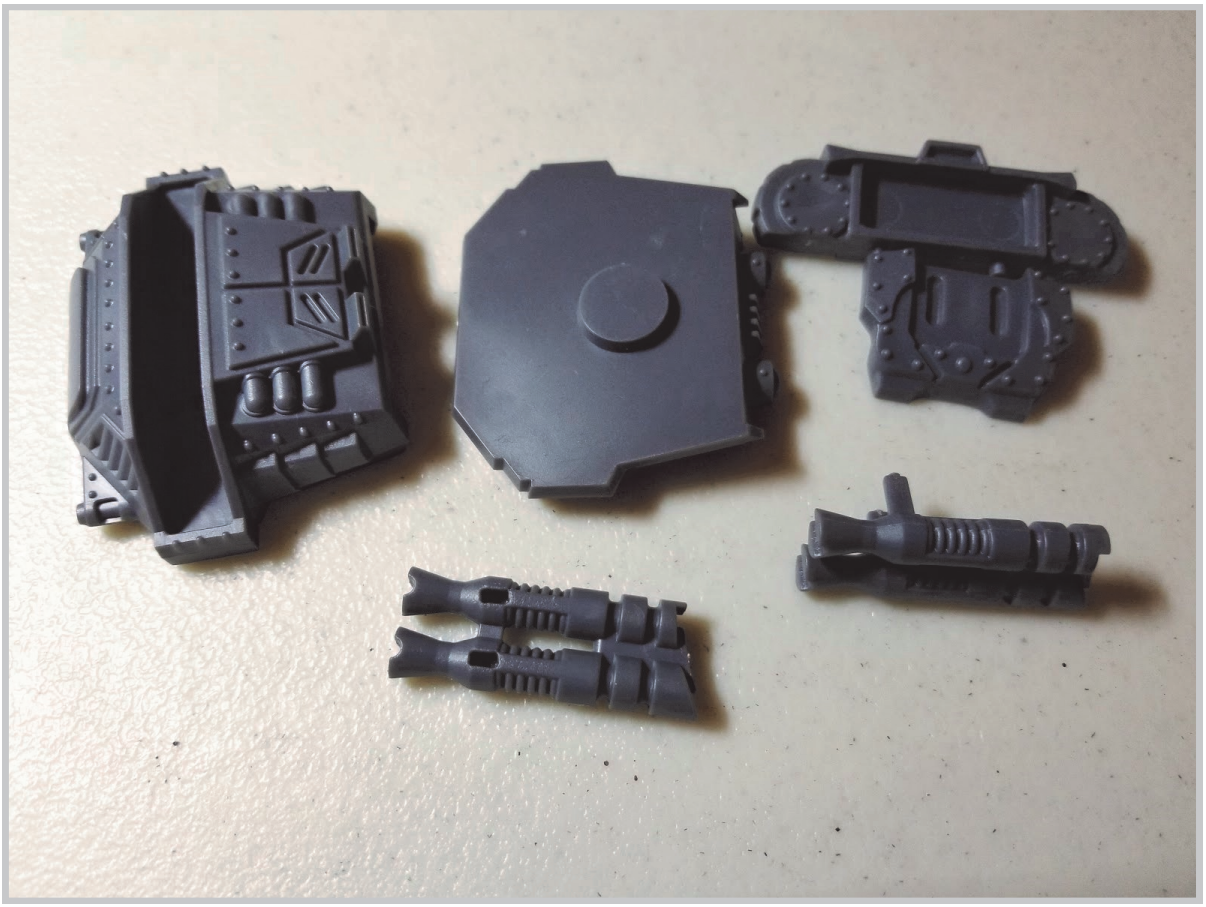


Roof and Rear Hatch Assemblies

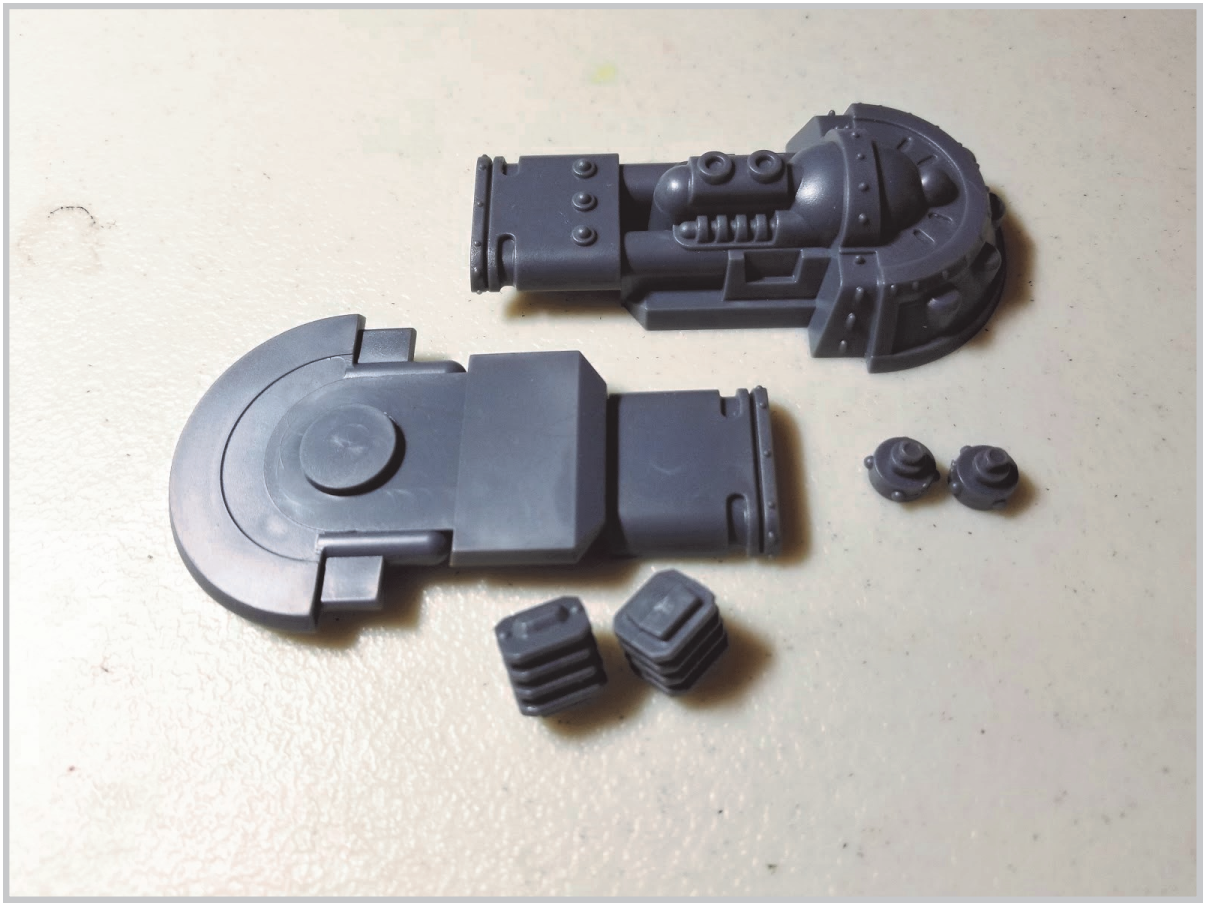


Body, Wheels, and Hood Assemblies

Heavy Dragonbreath Flamer Assembly



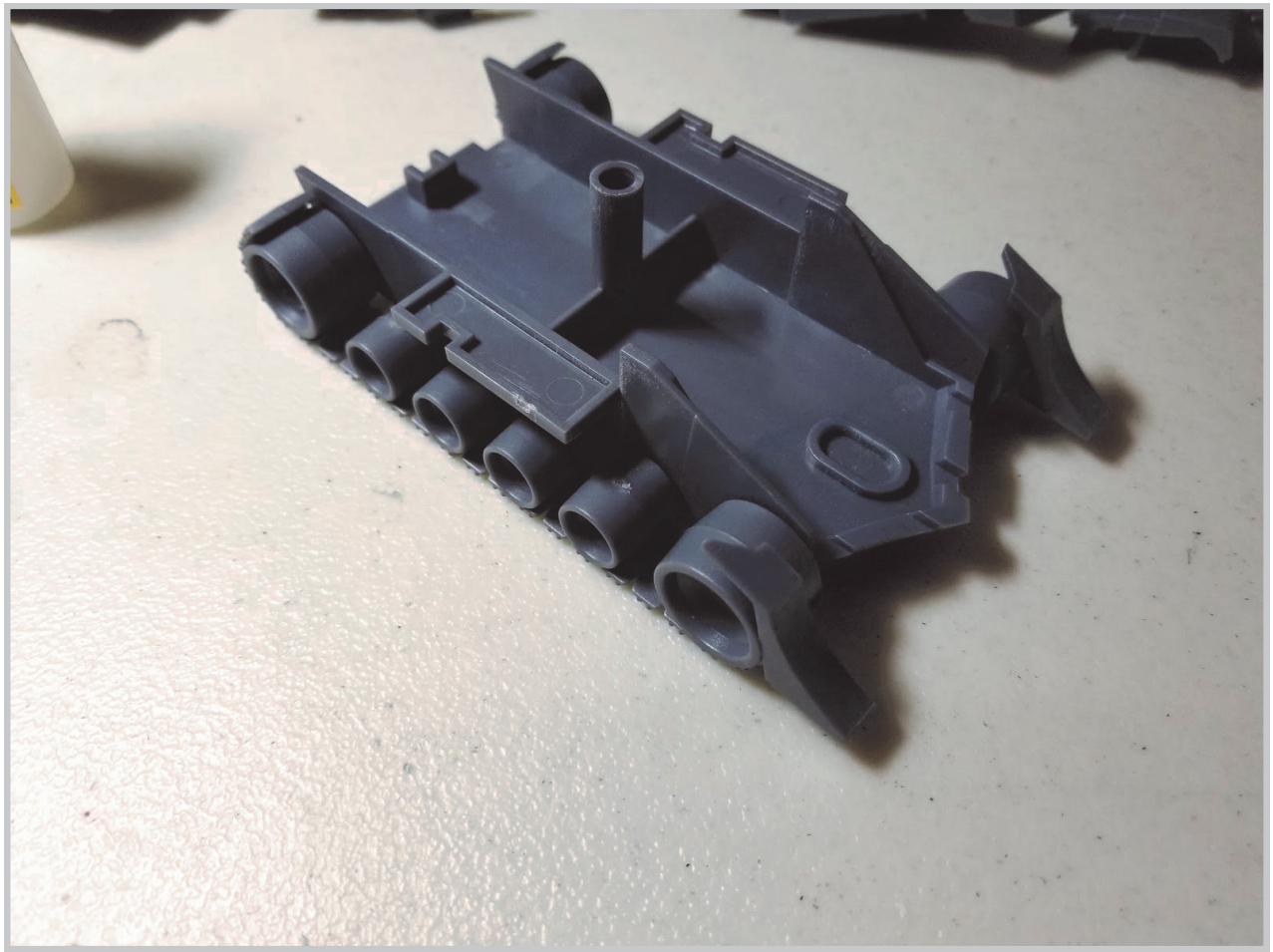
Heavy Hailstorm Cannon Assembly

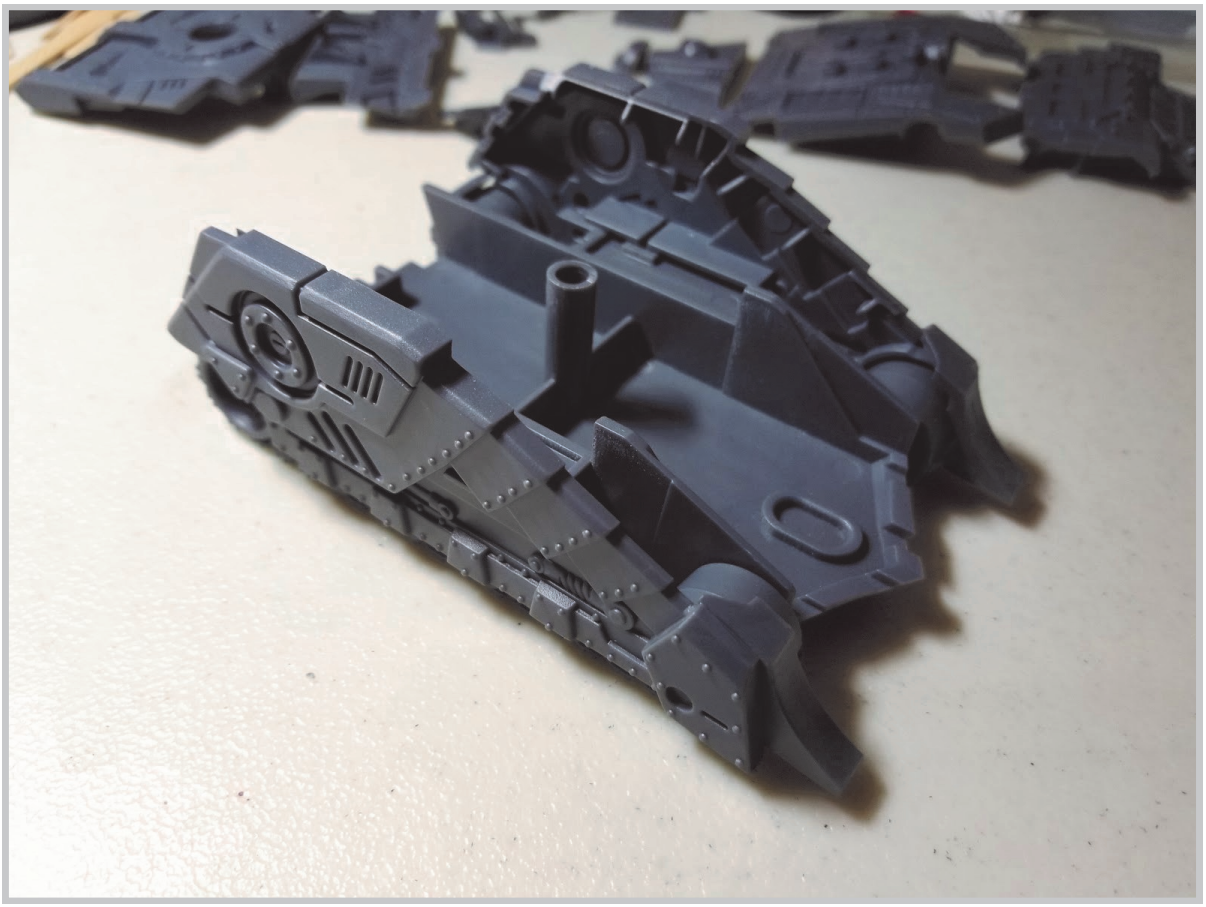


Heavy Magma Cannon Assembly

Brandr Urban Assault Vehicle Ram Assembly

For all vehicle assemblies...
1) Clean your mold lines and any protrusions from casting
2) Glue the two wheel pieces to the vehicle base





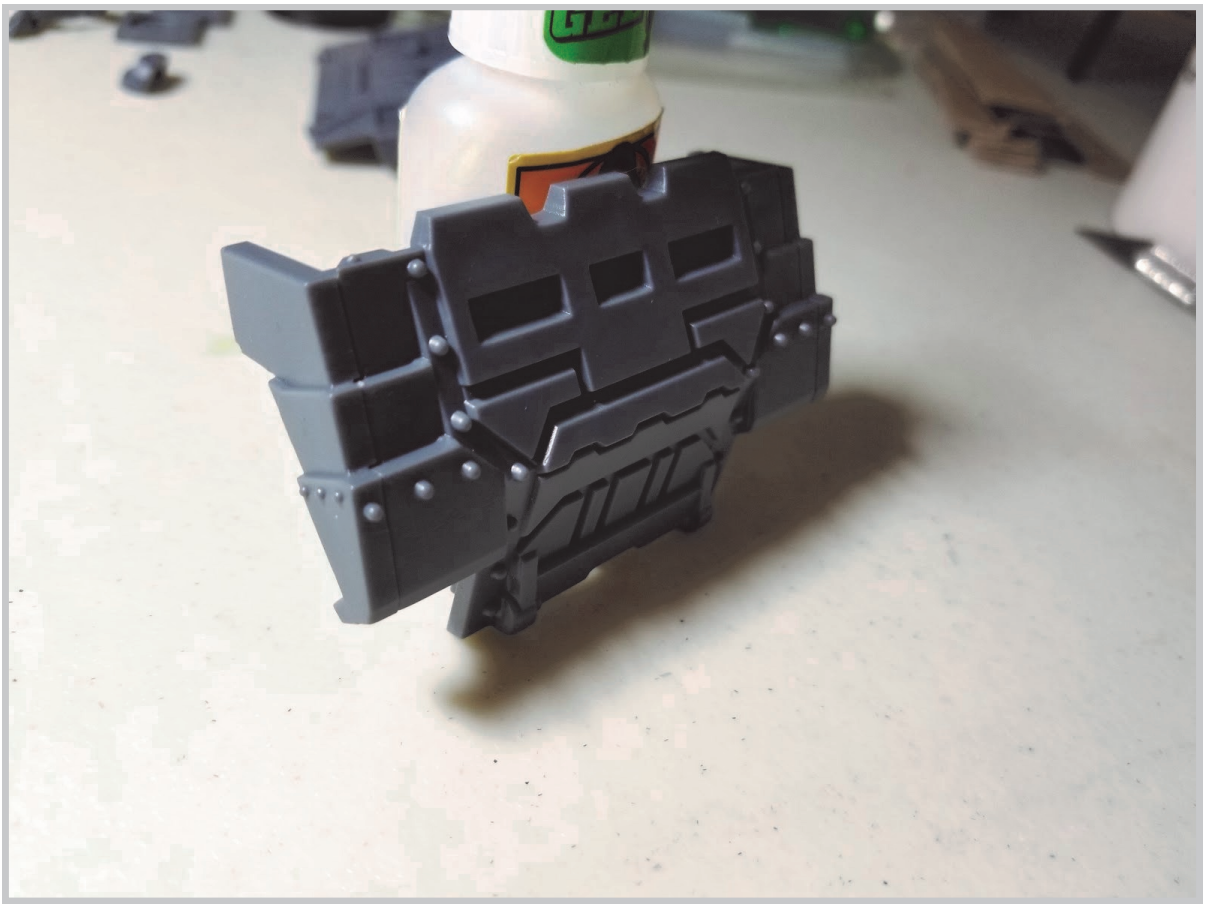
3) Glue the two wheel covers to the vehicle base

4) Glue the "hood" in the front middle of the vehicle base

5) Glue the two "hood" side pieces on their respective sides

If assembling as a Drakkar APC...

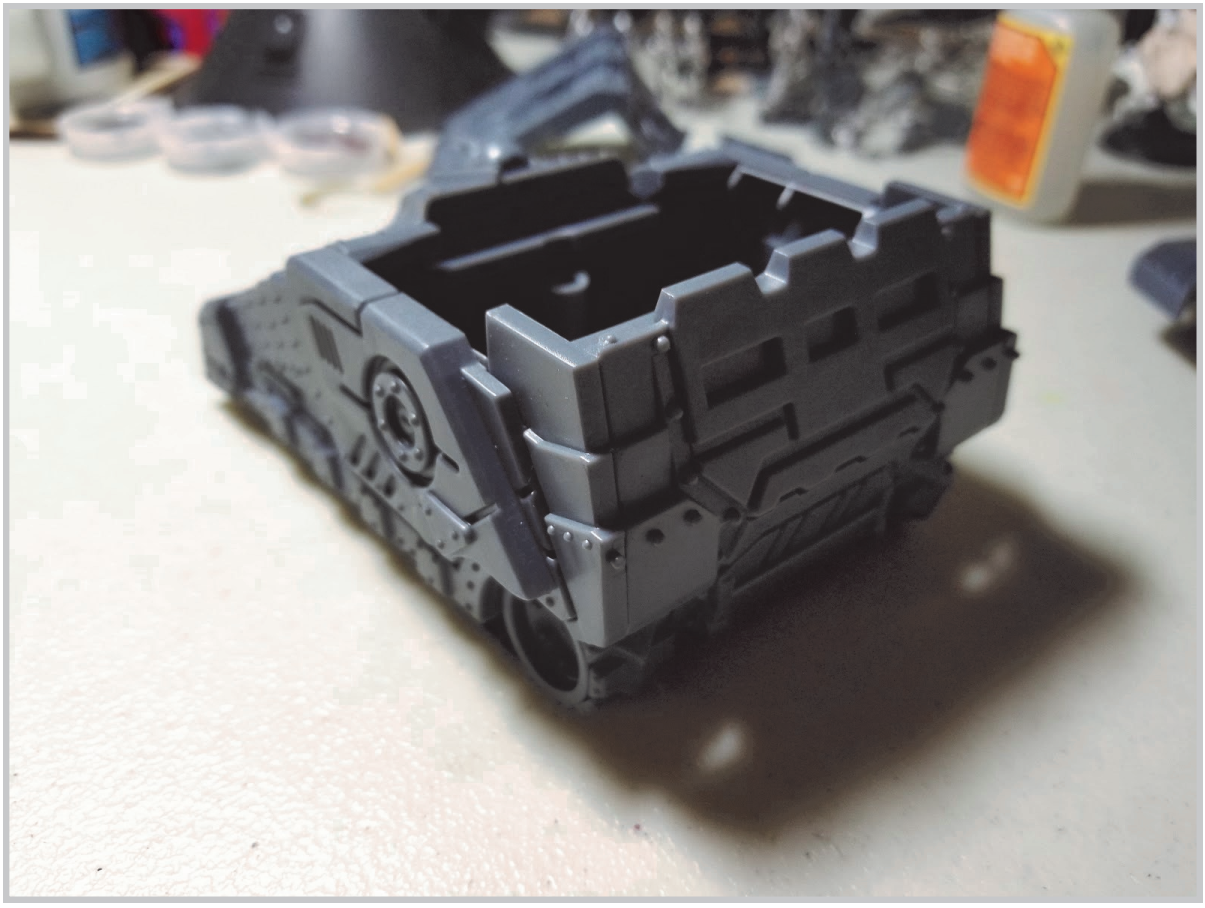
1) Glue minigun into upper "hood" piece



2) Glue rear hatch sides to rear hatch

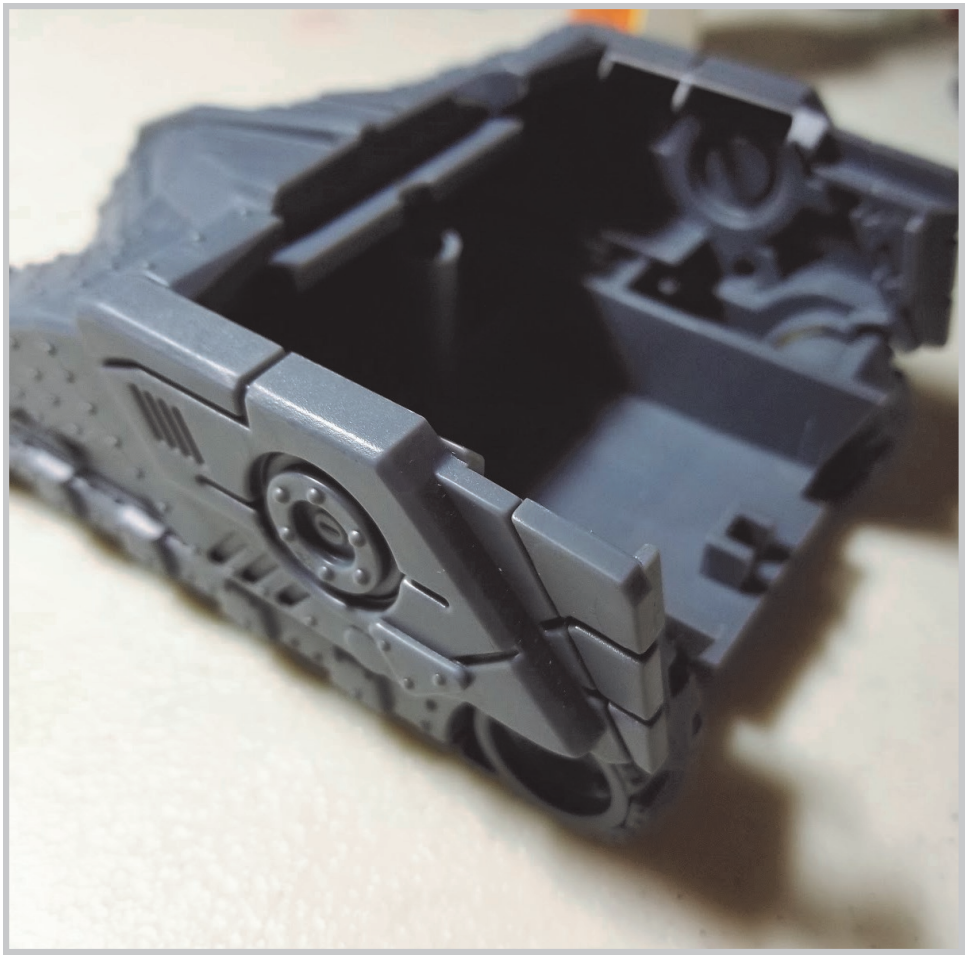
3) Glue viewport to roof

4) Assemble upper "hood" onto the body



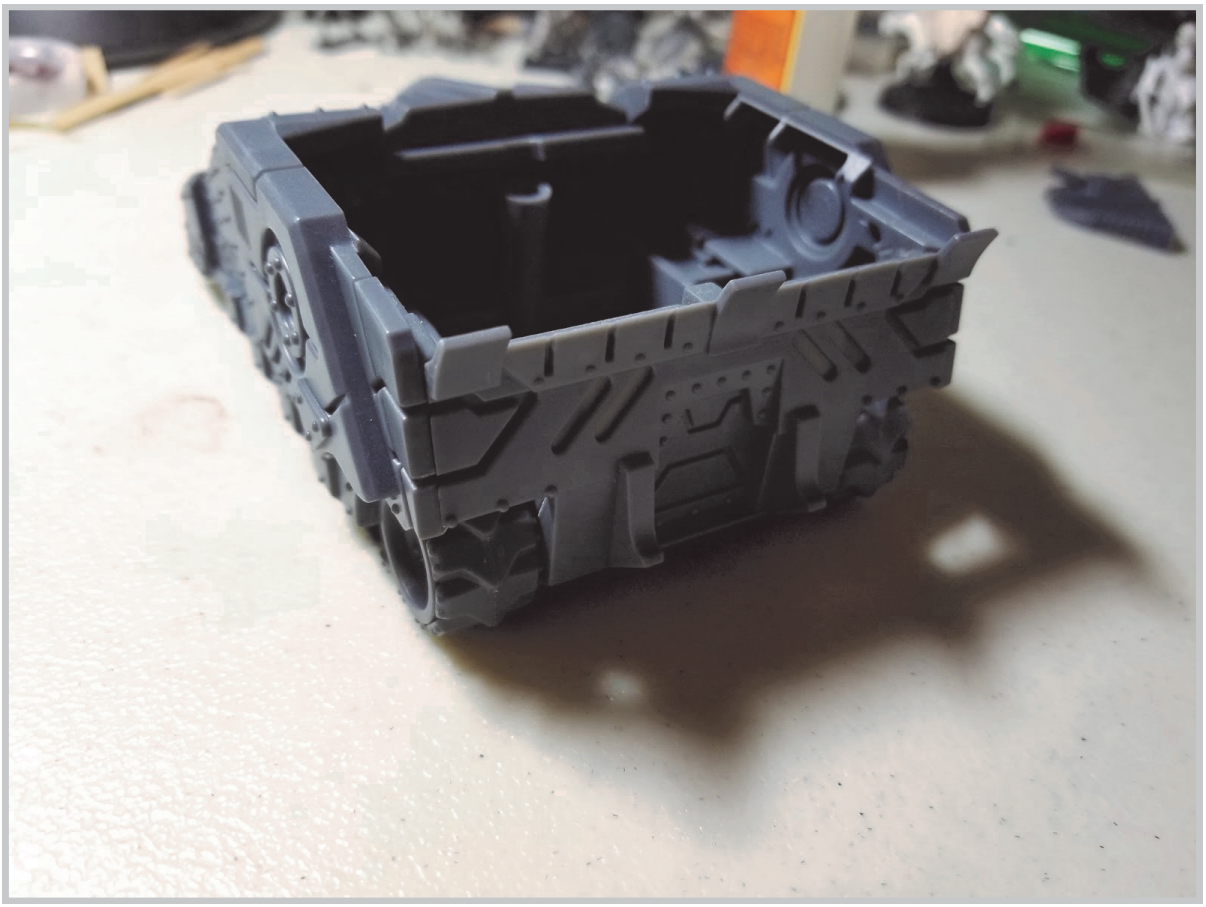
5) Assemble rear hatch onto the body

6) Assemble the roof onto the body



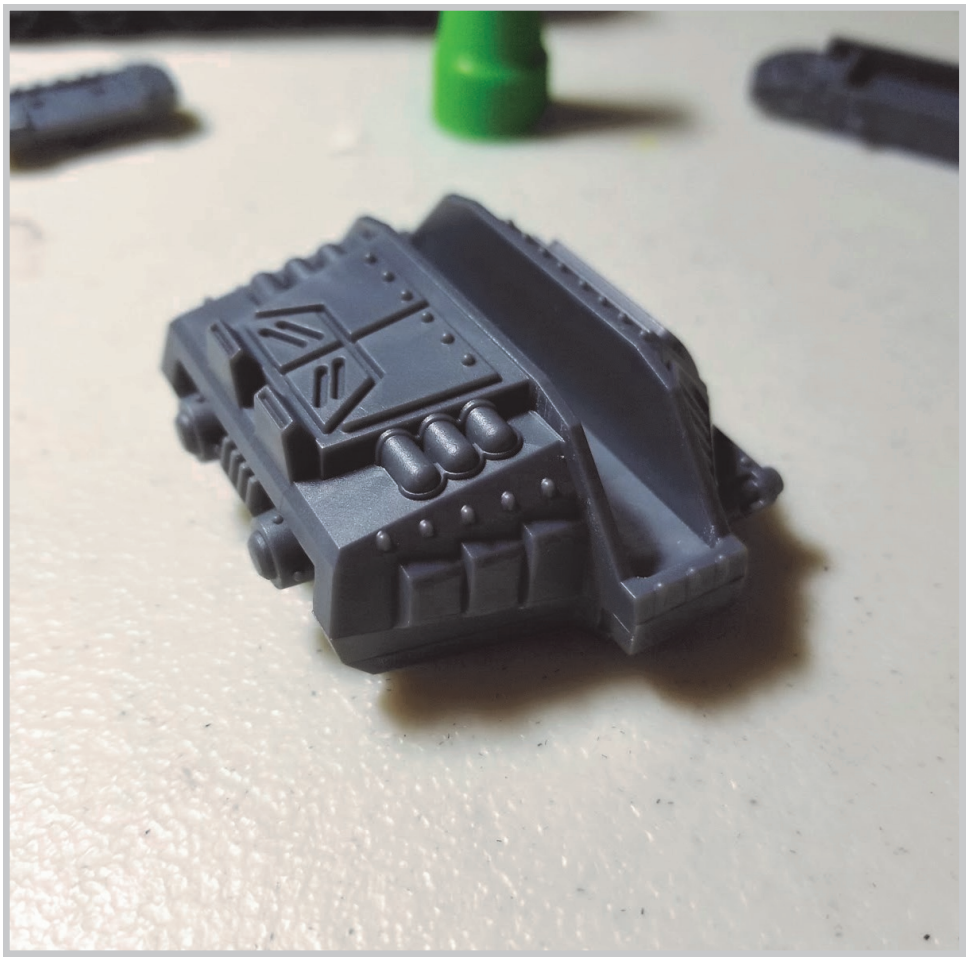
If assembling as a Sturnhammer Battle Tank or Brandr Urban Assault Vehicle...

1) Glue rear hatch sides to body



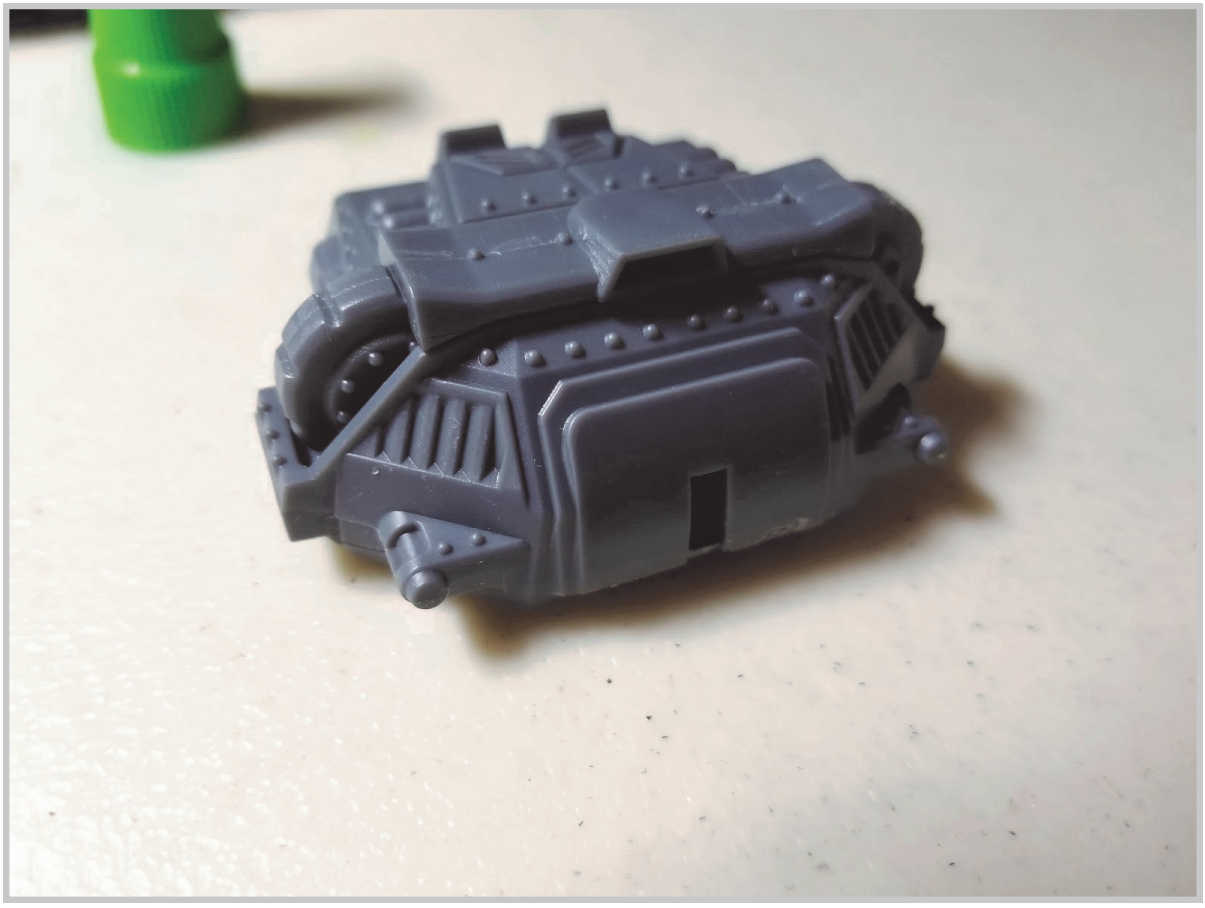
2) Glue hatch to body

3) Glue roof to body, and add desired turret



To assemble the Heavy Hailstorm Cannon for the Hagall Pattern Sturnhammer Battle Tank...

1) Glue the top of the turret to the bottom of the turret



2) Glue the ammunition canisters into the top of the turret

3) Glue the gun barrels together and then to the front turret plate, then glue this to the front of the turret

To assemble the Heavy Magma Cannon for the Hata Pattern Sturnhammer Battle Tank...

1) Glue the top of the turret to the bottom of the turret

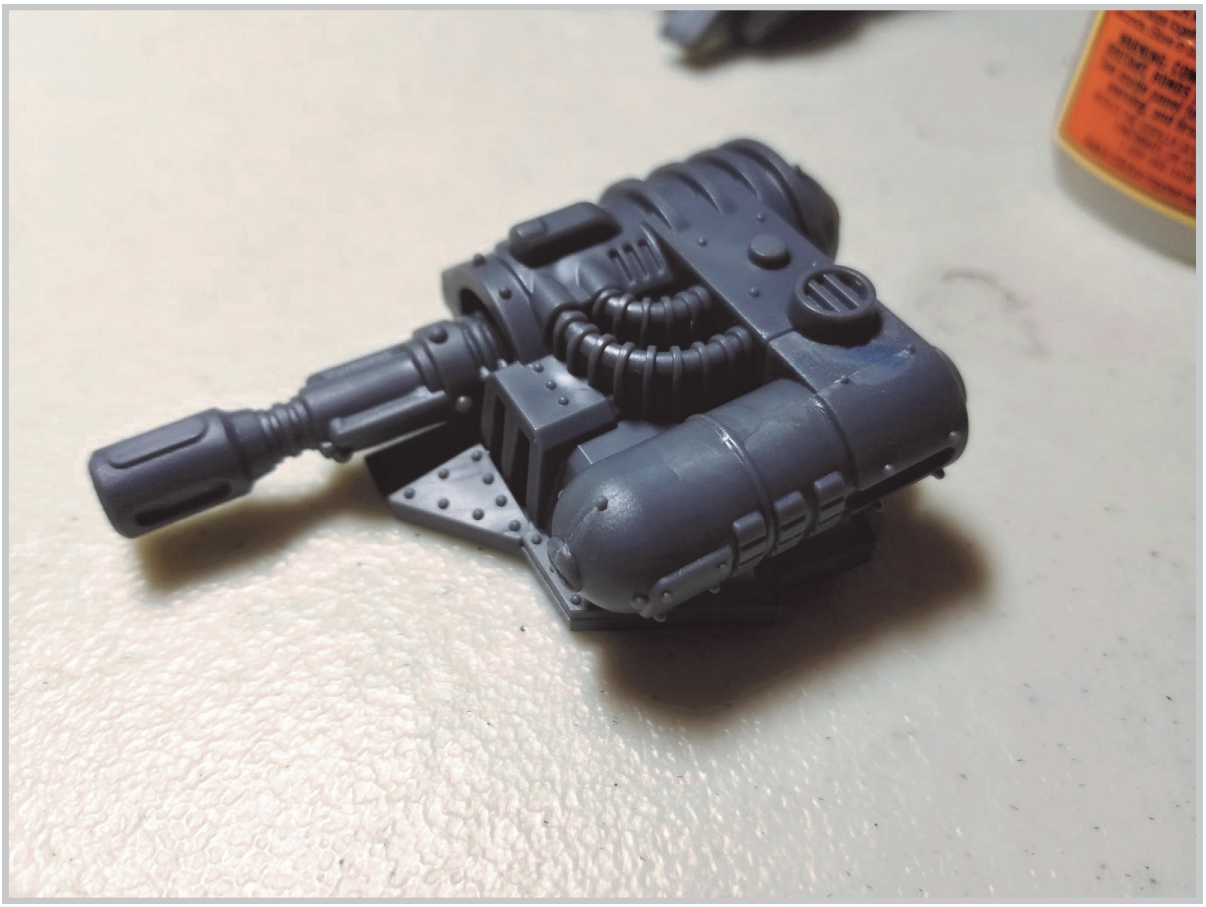
2) Glue in the gun barrels' tips

3) Glue on the coils to the top of the turret

To assemble the Heavy Dragonbreath Flamer for the Brandr Urban Assault Vehicle...

1) Glue the barrel into the bottom of the turret

2) Glue the top of the turret to the bottom of the turret



3) Glue the fuel tank to the top of the turret

To assemble the Assault Ram for the Brandr Urban Assault Vehicle...

1) Glue the front side spikes to the main ram piece

Hope you enjoyed these tips!▪

2) Glue the ram to the front of the vehicle▪

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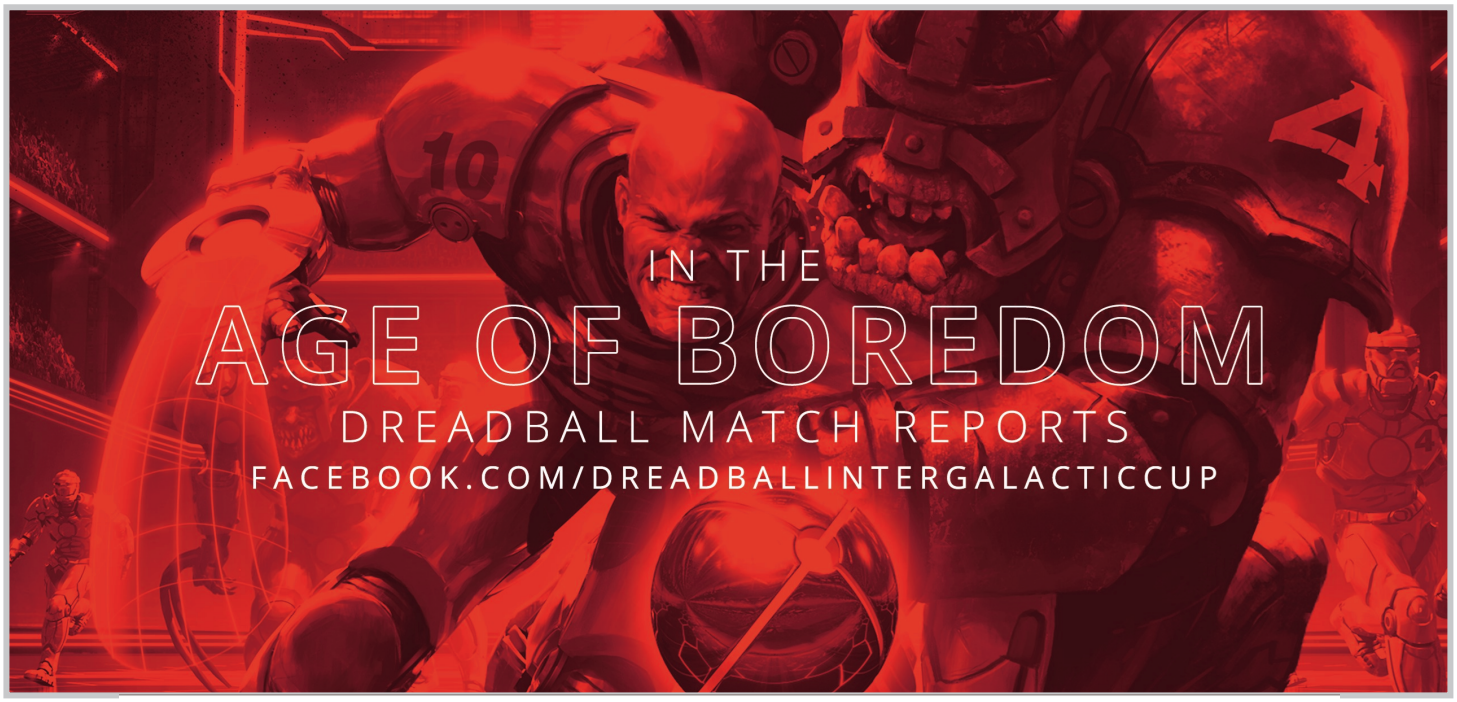

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